

THE SEASONS.

Four babies lay in their cradles new
Beginning to think of "What shall I do
The world to brighten and beautify."
The Spring baby first said, "Let me try."

So she put on a dress of freshest green,
With trimmings the loveliest ever seen—
Trimming of tulips and lilyacins rare
And trailing arabus looped everywhere.

"How perfectly beautiful," Summer said;
"But wait till you see my dress of red,
And darker green with golden spots,
Trimmed with roses and pinks and forget-
me-nots."

"Pooh!" said Autumn, "my dress will be
A more substantial one, you'll see;
With skirt of finest and yellowest wheat,
A girle of grapes and squash turban
nest."

Then Winter came silently tripping along
Chanting softly a Christmas song,
In a pure white dress with jewels spread,
Holding a basket of books on his head.

Poems and stories and pictures were these
Of the Christ child, the yule log, of folk
lore rare.

"I am not in bright colors," he said, with
a smile,
"But the long winter evenings my gifts
here beguile."

—(Helen Adelaide Ricker.

AUNT JEAN'S ROMANCE.

BY BESSIE MAY TOBIN.

And to think! I really hated the
idea of going. When Aunt Caroline's
letter came inviting me, mamma
thought it would be rude if I did not
accept the invitation, as she ex-
pressed a sincere desire to see me.
But, for my part, I had always re-
sented the invitation, as she ex-
pressed a sincere desire to see me.
But, for my part, I had always re-
sented the invitation, as she ex-
pressed a sincere desire to see me.

It was a queer little village. The
houses, trees—everything—seemed so
low, I mean, near to the ground, as
if all were young, but might grow
taller in time.

Aunt Caroline's house was the
largest in town, except one that was
next door to it; and which was in
every point its counterpart and fac-
simile. The two houses were exactly
alike, and with only a brick wall
dividing them.

Even the vines and roses on the
front porch were alike, as if each had
been planned in exact similitude of
the other.

Both houses were in the suburbs
of the village, and both had a pretty
lawn in front.

Aunt Caroline received me cordially
enough; but I took to Aunt Jean at
once. I never did truly love Aunt
Caroline. She was so tall and forbid-
ding. Nobody knew her age, but I
supposed it to be a long way into 50.
She was a typical old maid. Aunt
Jean, on the contrary, was all that is
sweet and lovable. Rather short and
plump, sweet and fair, with dimples
in her cheeks, and the daintiest little
plump white hands.

There was nothing so sweet as
Aunt Jean's face, and nothing so sad.
Yes; Aunt Jean was an old maid,
too, but she didn't look it; for she
was certainly the gentlest, sweetest
creature in the world.

It struck me as somewhat singular
that all the windows and blinds on
the side of the house next its twin
sister were invariably drawn in or
pulled down; and neither my aunts
nor any of the servants ever men-
tioned the next-door neighbor, or
seemed to be in any way conscious
that there was a house on the other
side of the brick wall.

That there were inmates to it I
knew, for I had seen people on the
piazas and in the garden, notably a
very good-looking young man.

One day I boldly put the question
to my aunts as to the name and con-
dition of our neighbors; but I was
silenced so prepotently and unsatis-
factorily by Aunt Caroline, and saw
such a painful expression come to my
Aunt Jean's face that I dared not
press the subject further, yet deter-
mined to get at the bottom of the
mystery, for it was a mystery, by
some means of my own making.

I disliked to question the servants,
feeling a delicacy in so doing, but
bided my time until something should
turn up to unfold the secret.

I had been there about three weeks,
when one day I took a book and went
down into the orchard to read. I was
thrown upon my own resources for
entertainment, outside my two aunts'
society. I really enjoyed chatting
with Aunt Jean—for, thus far, I had
met none of the young people of the
village, which I thought was rather
strange.

The truth was—I found out later—
that my Aunt Caroline's sharp tongue
had made her unpopular; and Aunt
Jean was so sad and timid that it
was very seldom anybody ever came
to the house.

Well, this particular morning I
took a book into the orchard, and
finding a very "shade nook" where a
huge old elm tree stood right up
against the wall, making a very
pleasant seat with a back to it, I
climbed upon the wall, and, deli-
ciously ensconced in the "shade
nook," I gave myself up to the
luxury of an interesting story.

It wasn't a very romantic thing to
do, if a natural one, but after a half
hour or so I got drowsy and fell asleep
against the old elm tree, and pres-
ently my book tumbled out of my
hand, and of course on the wrong side
of the wall. I woke with a start—
first, to bless heaven that I had not
gone over myself, and then to con-
clude that it was a most distressing
piece of ill luck that my book should
be over in the enemy's yard and not
back at hand by which to get it
back. At this juncture I had the
breath taken out of me by a stone
that came crashing through the
branches within six inches of my
head. I scrambled to my knees as
best I could in a kind of dazed fash-
ion, to see the good-looking young
man not twenty yards away, stand-
ing stockstill and covered with con-
fusion. It truly isn't a usual thing
in polite society for a young gentle-
man to throw stones at a young lady.

At first he was tongue-tied; then he
hurried on to beg a thousand pardons
and to explain that he had only seen

my head moving between the branches
and thought it was a cat. Mind
you, a cat. A yellow cat, too, I sup-
pose, for my hair is yellow. A cat,
he said, for which he entertained
most murderous antipathy—a regular
ribald that had in truth been dis-
turbng both our dreams nightly for
some time. Then we began to laugh
about it, and it wasn't long before he
was on the wall by my side and we
were chatting away like old cronies.

It was a little improper, I admit,
but you know a starving man will
not likely refuse a dainty morsel
given him, and I was ready to die
from loneliness.

Well, after that the old elm tree
got to be a regular trysting place,
and very soon—but this is Aunt
Jean's romance, not mine.

Walter Fairfax was his name. He
had come to study medicine with his
uncle, Dr. John Fairfax, the owner,
and besides himself the only occu-
pant of the next door house. The
old gentleman, I inferred from what
he said, had in a measure adopted him.

After a good while, with consid-
erable trepidation, I put a few ques-
tions to him relative to the feud ex-
isting between the two families, and
found that he knew as little and was
as curious about it as myself.

We soon began to compare our-
selves to the Capulets and Mon-
tagues; and he said if he was Romeo
I must be—but there I go again.

Well, it soon came to this, that
Walter loved me and I loved Walter,
and we admitted as much to each
other and had come to the conclusion
that things couldn't go on in this un-
settled, unsatisfactory way. Walter
insisted upon coming over and speak-
ing to my aunts about it, and when
he would take no refusal I promised
to mention the subject to my aunts
myself. It was a most absurd state
of things, and I was determined to
get at the bottom of the trouble. I
knew that for some reason any allu-
sion made respecting our neighbor
was painful, really distressing to
Aunt Jean, so I made up my mind to
unbosom myself one afternoon when
Aunt Jean had gone out by question-
ing Aunt Caroline regardless of con-
sequences. This I did. I went to
her room and found her alone. Aunt
Jean had gone for a walk, and with-
out preamble I let it off.

You will not believe me when I tell
you the old lady faints outright.
Well, she did; and such a time I
hope I will never have again. But I
got the secret. It seemed that long
ago, when they were young, Aunt
Jean and the old doctor over the way
had been lovers, but that a few weeks
before the marriage the old fellow
had just quietly walked off and jilted
Aunt Jean, which almost broke her
heart; and for no rhyme or reason
that anybody could see had, indeed,
stayed off until the last few years,
when he suddenly came back one day,
and had been at home ever since, for
which Aunt Caroline had sworn a
vendetta against him and every re-
mote connection of his.

Of course it was very bad for him,
and I felt very indignant, but I could
not help it, nor yet could Walter; so
when Aunt Caroline quietly forbade
me ever to speak to Walter again I
simply told her I could not and I
would not make any such promise.
She seemed to regard my loyalty to
Walter as the most unprecedented
ingratitude and bad faith on my part,
and told me plainly that she would
write at once to mamma to explain,
and upon receipt of mamma's letter
I was to pack up and put out for
home.

Of course I went straight to
Walter, waiting at the old trysting-
tree, and wept away my wrath and
indignation in his comforting arms.
He consoled me by saying that he
would come to my home to see mam-
ma about it, and felt sure that he
could make it plain to her that he
was in no way accountable for what
his uncle might have done. He said
also that in three months he would be
21, when he would come into some
property of his own and—who would
think this was Aunt Jean's romance?

Aunt Caroline after this kept
sharp eye on me that it was almost
impossible ever to get a meeting with
Walter. But we wrote letters every
day and put them into a crack in the
wall, which made a nice little post-
office.

But the days sped by and mamma's
letter came. I did not think it was
in mamma to be so cruel and hard-
hearted. There is no use to tell you
all she said. It was what Aunt Car-
oline wanted her to say, and it meant
that I was never again to have any-
thing to do with Walter, and she
said it was to come straight home. Of
course all this was kept from Aunt
Jean, but I had the greatest mind to
tell. The only thing that restrained
me was that I hated so to mention
the subject to her, hated so the idea
of hurting her.

It was the afternoon before the day
on which I was to be shipped home
in disgrace, when I walked out quietly
right before Aunt Caroline's
eyes and went down into the orchard
to meet Walter. Why she didn't
follow I can't see. I guess I looked
so sad she was afraid to inflame me
any further.

When I got to the elm tree I was
surprised to find that Walter was not
there. I waited awhile and still he
didn't come, so I went to the wall
postoffice to see if he had put in a
letter. The first I noticed was a
letter, but after a while I saw what
seemed to be a note poked down into
a crack in the broken bricks, almost
out of sight and reach. I tugged at
it a while, and when I did bring it to
light, I found it to be an old, faded,
yellow letter that looked like it might
be a half century old, and to my ab-
solute surprise it was addressed in a
big, manly hand to my Aunt Jean.
Evidently this postoffice was not en-
tirely our own. Walter came while
I was gazing at the letter, climbed
over the wall and was by my side
before I was aware of his approach.

He took the letter, scrutinized it,
turned it over, as if he could read
through the thick envelope, read and
reread the address, and—all at once
—both got the idea together. We
gazed into each other's eyes.

"Bess, suppose—? It might be
—"

"I know it!" I said conclusively.
"There's not a doubt about it. Wal-
ter, don't you budge from here until
I come back," and I walked straight

back into the house and to Aunt
Jean's room, and delivered her the
letter.

Dear Aunt Jean, At the first sight
of the handwriting she fell a-fainting
like an aspen leaf, and—well, when I
went back to Walter I carried an
answer to that letter. I don't know
what it was; not much, I know, only
a few words; but Walter took them
to the old gentleman, and—

Aunt Caroline had to go to bed. It
was too much for her to take in all
at once, so she didn't see what Walter
and I did. She didn't see the big
blessed old Dr. Fairfax walk straight
into the sitting-room where Aunt
Jean was, and take her into his
strong arms right there before us.
No. And she didn't see the light in
dear Aunt Jean's pretty blue eyes,
and the sweetest blush in her pretty
soft cheeks. Yes; that was the
trouble—the letter that never came.

Two proud, loving hearts kept apart
all those years.

The window blinds are not kept
down now, but there is a little gate
marked path. There are vines
climbing on both sides of the wall,
clinging and kissing it in a most lov-
ing fashion.

And if this is really Aunt Jean's
romance I think I might add that I
did not go home quite so soon as ex-
pected, and I hope you will excuse
my saying that Walter has a good
practice now, and we are going to be
married in the fall, and live in the
very dear, little, old, poky village
that I hated so at first.—(Detroit
Free Press.

A WATER-SPOUT IN THE WAY.

Narrow Escape of a Vessel in the West Indies.

From an article in Scribner ("On
Piratical Seas") which describes a
merchant's voyages to the West
Indies we make this extract:

We perceived to the right of us the
dark clouds in motion at a great dis-
tance, and under them a peculiarly
formed pyramid and the ocean.
During the space of nearly half an
hour it approached nearer and nearer
toward us, in a direction precisely in
a line across our vessel. This was a
water-spout of the largest class, and
caused much apprehension for our
safety. I even heard our oldest sail-
or, Hugh, who was at the helm,
make use of the following expression,
while the tobacco-juice was trickling
from the corners of his mouth: "I
have seen many a water-spout, but
I'll be blowed if I ever saw one coming
so straight on board as this."

During this half-hour we still re-
mained in a perfect calm, the water-
spout bringing the wind along with it.
We did not spend our time in idle
conjecture, but endeavored if possi-
ble to avert the impending calamity.
It had been stated that a sudden con-
cussion of the air would break the
connection of water between the
cloud and the sea, and so disperse
the descending column before it
reached a solid obstacle. I had a
large fowling-piece on board which I
determined to load and discharge re-
peatedly in the direction of the water-
spout at the proper time. Unfortu-
nately, however, my powder was in
my large trunk, stowed away between
decks in such a manner that every
effort to get at it failed, and I lost
the opportunity to test the efficacy
of this experiment. At length the
moment of our trial drew near. The
water-spout passed across us a few
yards ahead of our bows, and was
rent asunder by our jib-boom, so
that the great weight of the water
fell on the surface of the sea. Never-
theless, the concussion and turmoil
created by the bursting so close upon
us was so great, that our vessel went
spinning around for some minutes
like a block in a boiling kettle, and
we were completely immersed in a
spray of water and a blast of wind,

Face Painting Among Indians.

There is a remarkable paucity of
information on the subject of face
painting in the books that purport to
tell of the manners and customs of
Indians. While its origin has been
lost in the mist of ages, there is not a
line or mark painted on an Indian's
face but has a meaning, full and
complete. Not only is this true, but
the marks are unchangeable and con-
stant in the tribe from generation to
generation, and are laid on with ut-
most exactness and greatest of care.
The markings are of two kinds, tribal
and individual. All tribes have pec-
uliar markings for face paint, and for
any ceremony that is to be perform-
ed, and when an Indian has finished
the tribal decoration he places his
own private mark in a conspicuous
place. This is his family totem or
its representative.

When I was with the Sioux it was
my fortune to witness the ceremonies
attendant upon the application of
war paint. A band of Crows had
driven off a number of horses of the
Sioux, and the Teton chief decided
that it called for retaliation. The
men who were to take part in the raid
assembled about the fire and sang
and danced until late in the night.
A large amount of red ochre had been
obtained from the ferruginous clay of
the bad lands, and after this was
mixed to a proper consistency the
chief dipped a quantity with his left
hand and carefully smeared his face
with it from his eyes down into
a line it evenly all over the lower part
of the face, leaving the forehead
touched. As he did this he bowed to
the fire and said: "As the fire has no
mercy, so should we have none."

One by one the warriors stepped up
and went through this ceremony, and
then the chief placed a small patch
of mud under each eye, saying: "My
little grandfather is very dangerous
as he makes his attempts. Very
close do I stand as I go to the at-
tack." The "little grandfather"
means a young buffalo bull, which
the Teton believe to have been the
original progenitor of the tribe.
When the buffalo enters into a fight
he goes the earth and gets mud on
his cheeks. Following the chief
again, the other members of the party
put the patch of mud on their cheeks,
repeating the formula, and then each
woman took from his private paint
pouch a bit of charcoal and painted
his individual totem sign on his face.
When this was done all were ready
for the battle.—(Globe-Democrat.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures which Show that Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

ONE of those abdominal operations
which have made American surgeons
the wonder of the scientific world was
recently performed upon a man now
lying in the Presbyterian Hospital in
New York city. It was one of the
most dangerous, delicate and skillful
operations known to science. Joseph
Samak is a truck driver, 25 years old.
He strained himself four years ago,
lifting a 300 pound box of tobacco on
a wagon. About two months ago his
rupture became so bad that he had
to give up work. He was taken to
the hospital, and it was seen that he
must be operated upon immediately.
He was placed on a table and the sur-
geon made a longitudinal incision
about six inches long through the
wall of the abdomen and fourteen
inches cut away. The two ends of
intestines were sewed together with
the finest of silk sutures, three rows
or layers of suture being put in. The
first row was put in through the under
coat of the mucous membrane of the
intestines. The second row passes
through all the layers of the intes-
tine, drawing the two ends closely to-
gether, and the third row of sutures
passes through the outer membrane
of the intestine and a little distance
back of the end. In all no fewer
than sixty stitches were taken. When
the severed intestine had been joined
it was pushed back into the abdominal
cavity, where it fell naturally into
place. The incision in the abdominal
wall was then sewed up. The opera-
tion lasted exactly an hour. When
Samak recovered from the shock he
began to improve. No complications
followed. He eats all they will give
him and his strength is fast return-
ing.

One of the most remarkable rides
on horseback ever performed is un-
doubtedly that of the well-known
Danish ethnologist and linguist, Dr.
Ostrup, who has just completed a
journey on horseback between Damas-
cus and Denmark, a distance, it is
computed, of some 5,000 miles. The
ride was performed on one horse, a
pure Arab, chosen and purchased by
the savant himself, which he person-
ally tended and groomed throughout
the entire journey. On reaching
Copenhagen the animal had not
"turned a hair." The journey oc-
cupied some eighteen months, and lay
through Syria, Asia Minor, Turkey,
Bulgaria, Serbia, Hungary and Ger-
many. Dr. Ostrup's chief object be-
ing the study of eastern dialects in
their transition from one country to
another, and local archaeology, for
which reason he chose this novel
mode of traveling. Dr. Ostrup had
some hairbreadth escapes in Syria
and Asia Minor, in spite of being
armed with special credentials from
the authorities in Constantinople.

SALLIE MCALISTER, a colored
woman, died recently at her home in
Springfield, Ohio. She was, doubt-
less, the largest woman in the world,
and in early womanhood soon "out-
grew" the position of cook. A show-
man, who had an eye for money-mak-
ing business, hearing of her avoirdupois
made an engagement with "Fat
Sallie," and together they traveled
from land to land. He dressed her
well; in fact, did everything for her
comfort and enjoyment except to di-
vide profits. At one time Sallie
weighed 750 pounds. She was con-
veyed from depot to depot while on
her tours in an armchair of large di-
mensions which was placed in a
wagon, and as she was entirely too
large to get through the door of any
passenger car, she was taken through
the sliding doors of the baggage car,
and rode there in her own armchair.
She was a kind, amiable and good
woman. The coffin in which she was
buried could not be got into the body
of a big two-horse farm wagon.

In the Rochester Democrat a judge
of the Supreme Court thus explained
why in England vehicles turn to the
left in passing each other: "The
foot traveller passed to the right that
the shield on the left arm might be
interposed to ward off a treacherous
blow, and the right, or sword arm,
free to strike. Horsemen, however,
usually had mail to protect them,
and there was more safety in being
near the antagonist than in having to
strike across the horse, as would have
been necessary had they turned to
the right. When vehicles came into
use later, the drivers instinctively
followed the old horseback custom,
and turned to the left. In this coun-
try horses were scarce for several
generations after the first settlers,
and the rule of the foot passenger.
'Keep to the right,' was the only one
that obtained. When conveyances
became common they still followed
the more familiar custom of the pe-
destrian, instead of the forgotten tra-
dition of the mother country."

THERE is a peculiar case of infatu-
ation between a rooster and two cats,
to be witnessed at Alton, Ill. They
all belong to the keeper of a livery
stable, and for some time the rooster,
which is a large fowl of the Shanghai
breed, was afraid of the cats. But a
friendly feeling grew to exist between
them, and this finally ripened into a
case of love. They are inseparable;
the rooster will conduct himself just
as he would if escorting two girls
about. He will find a worm or grain
of corn, call the cats, and then eat it
himself as naturally as though he had
never associated with anything but
cats. The felines, upon the other
hand, will follow him around, roll
over and play with him, and in every
possible way demonstrate that his
affection is reciprocated. The rooster
sleeps on the edge of a feed box and
the cats rest together in the box.
The strange friendship has existed
for some time past and exhibits no
signs of abatement.

LONDON high society has been ex-
asperated by a series of articles in
the St. James Gazette, detailing the
experiences of an American young
woman who introduced her into court
and other exclusive circles. Eliza-
beth L. Banks, who recently started
a controversy by her investigation of

the domestic servant problem, as-
sumed the role of the American
heiress. The mass of replies which
were received from more or less im-
pecunious persons of title, although
printed without the names of the
writers, has made a genuine sensa-
tion. Two chapters have been de-
voted to tentative offers of marriage
from scions of British nobility.

An extraordinary story comes from
Cabootville, Australia, where the
facts are said to be vouched for by a
minister of religion. The statement
is that a girl of eleven years old has
for some months past been regularly
pulling out a large number of splin-
ters of wood from her body. The
number thus extracted so far is said
to be 1,000, sometimes as many as
sixty splinters a day being pulled
out, ranging up to two inches in
length. Their extraction causes the
girl no pain, and no theory as to their
origin has yet been originated.

A. K. KIAM, of Reading, Penn., has
had his nose cut off, but not to spite
his face, rather to benefit it. He is
said to be a handsome young man,
but unhappily was afflicted with
nose so big that it quite spoiled his
otherwise fine appearance, and caused
continual remarks, both from his
friends and enemies. He went at last
to a surgeon to have the redundancy
of nose removed. The operation was
successfully performed, and to-day
Mr. Kiam is happy in the possession
of a nose which is straight, comely
and of moderate proportions.

A CURIOUS fatality seems to have
attached itself to the family of Cap-
tain Wilson, the African fighter. All
the members of it that have died
have been the victims of acci-
dent or violence, except his mother,
who a few weeks ago succumbed to
an attack of paralysis. The hus-
bands of two of Captain Wilson's sis-
ters were drowned, as were two brothers
in South Africa. There remains
now the eldest son, Dr. George Wil-
son, a pioneer of sanitary science and
a lover of fox-hunting.

A BEGGAR at Pesth, Hungary, who
was arrested for throwing himself
into the river with intentions of com-
mitting suicide, was discharged after
telling his remarkable story. He
was an aged and shriveled specimen
of humanity, with long, patriarchal
beard, and acknowledged that he was
past ninety-four years of age. His
excuse for attempting to take his
own life was that he was no longer
able to take care of his father and
mother, who were aged 125 and 120
years respectively.

THERE lives one mile south of
Dunnville, Va., a colored woman
eighty-three years old, whose name is
Levina Bayler. Years ago she lost her
teeth, but is now cutting another set.
Some months ago her gums became
very sore, and now two teeth have
made their appearance, and several
more are nearly in sight. The old
woman is much pleased with her new
teeth, and expressed much delight to
your correspondent at so soon being
able to "chaw hard ag'in."

CAPTAIN PIERCE THOMPSON, of
Southport, Me., made his first voyage
when ten years old, commanded his
vessel at eighteen, and is still follow-
ing the sea at seventy-four. His son
sails with him as mate. Captain
Thompson is a devout Methodist and
has prayers on shipboard every day,
and full religious services on Sunday.
He was never wrecked, never lost a
man and laughs at the idea of turn-
ing landlubber and retiring from sea-
faring life.

REV. JOHN A. BURK, of Baltimore,
recently received a barrel of oysters
from Reedville, Northampton County,
Va. Upon opening one of the shells,
the two parts of which were joined as
if they held an oyster, a live fish two
and one-half inches long fell from the
shell and began to wriggle. The fish
was put in water and is still alive.
There was no oyster in the shell, the
fish being the sole occupant.

At the great Italian Penitentiary
of Porto Allegro, in Sardinia, there
has just died an old convict named
Giuseppe Ramas, who was sentenced
to penal servitude for life more than
thirty years ago for selling sausages
made of human flesh. During the
course of his trial the gruesome fact
brought to light that he had assassinated
no less than sixteen persons for this
offense.

FARMER George Lee died at Mad-
ison, Ind., recently, from the effects
of a peculiar accident. He was stoop-
ing to milk his cow, his head resting
against her flank, when she gave a
sudden lurch which thrust his head
downward, bending him almost dou-
ble, dislocating his spine and paralyz-
ing his body from his hips down.
He leaves a wife and three chil-
dren.

H. TALBOT, who is only a young
fellow, had one of his heels cut off at
the Victor mine in Missouri by a
walking beam of the pumps; a leg
broken in the crusher at Rising Sun;
same leg broken at the ice plant;
an eye put out at the Spencer & Mc-
Coney mine by the explosion of a
cap, and got general bruises by drop-
ping into a 90-foot shaft.

The luck of the Rev. Mr. Scarrow,
of Russell, Kan., runs to funerals.
Within one week he held services for
a man whose body was totally con-
sumed by fire, for a man who died in
the penitentiary, for a murdered man
whose remains had been rotting in the
ground since last July, and finally
over the bodies of three murderers
lynched by a mob.

A NOVEL toboggan slide has been
built across the frozen River Neva at
St. Petersburg, partly for pleasure
and mainly for convenience in cross-
ing the river. High towers have
been erected on either bank, and
between these a steeply sloping scaffold
carries a track to the opposite
bank.

A Test of Sobriety.

A London paper gives the following
test of sobriety: Gentlemen who have
put an enemy into their mouths are
recommended to try a very simple
test for the purpose of finding out
whether their brains have been stolen.
They must stand erect with their
feet closed, and if they can per-
form this test for a brief period they
may come to the conclusion that they
are all right.

CAUGHT WITH FISHHOOKS.

Clean Capture of a San Francisco Pickpocket.

A remarkable story came to light
yesterday regarding an experience on
Monday night of Charles Osborne, the
mining man of Shasta county, with
a pickpocket, in which he came off
immeasurably best. Osborne has
just sailed for South Africa. The
story is so unusual as to seem hardly
credible, but is vouched for in a way
to carry belief.

Osborne arrived here several weeks
ago. He is one of the best known
mining men in California, having
mined for years in the north. He
was the discoverer of the Gladstone
gold mine, French Gulch, which he
sold for \$50,000. As he was on his
way to Johannesburg to take charge
of some mines and did not know when
he would get back, he spent some
time here seeing the sights and tak-
ing his ease preparatory to starting.
While here he sent to Redding for
\$1,000, which he received by express.
Much of this money he carried on his
person, for Osborne is a big, stalwart
man, who has been about the world,
and is not afraid.

One night over a week ago, when
he and his friend, Petty, were out
seeing the sights, a light-fingered
man touched him for two twenty-dol-
lar gold pieces, which he had in one
of his trousers pockets. This was a
surprise to Osborne, and set him to
thinking. He had never had any-
thing like that happen before, and he
was very much annoyed. He said
nothing about it at the time, how-
ever, but set to work devising a plan
for thwarting any similar accident in
future.

In a dim way he recollected that
he thought some one had put a hand
in his pocket on the night he lost the
coin. Osborne, as is customary
among many mining men, wears sub-
stantial corduroy clothes, and these
are equipped with unusually strong
pockets. In the right pocket of his
trousers, therefore, he skillfully ar-
ranged half a dozen big fishhooks,
each carefully fastened to its place,
and in such a way that they would
offer no resistance to a hand while
being inserted, but the hand would
be grasped by the barbs while being
withdrawn. Any one of the hooks
would hold a ten-pound salmon.

Thus equipped Osborne again
started forth. At the corner of Cal-
ifornia and Kearny streets a fakir
was blithely expatiating about
his wares, and the mining man
stopped to hear what he had to say.
Desirous of testing his invention, he
jingled two or three \$20 pieces care-
lessly in sight, and then dropped a
couple of them in sight of the yawning
man below the fish hooks. Then he
leaned back and became absorbed in
the street-corner oratory. In a
few moments, sure enough, he felt a
hand going down his pocket. It